

No. 986. From Quebec through the Y. W. C. A. Much broken down under sense of sin.

No. 990. A French Canadian girl, very attentive to the Bible reading.

Rev. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Hall brought three women about eleven o'clock one night; they had come from a house of ill-fame to one of Mr. Hammond's meetings. Two left the Home the following morning; one remains, and is a hopeful case.

Mrs. M. Left the Home to-day after 7 months' stay, drink brought her in and drink has taken her out.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"How I do wish you had a home of your own then. I would soon go to live with you (that is if you would receive me), for I think if you were my own mother I could not love you better than I do, and I hope I will live to see the day that I will be living with you yet."

Another interesting letter from one whose infant had been adopted by a couple in Montreal.

Several of the same character, without any passages of any special interest. The following may be given more at length, as a solemn warning to young women.

From No. 950, on returning to her own people :

"I was glad to see familiar faces again, and to feel that they did not despise me. I have every comfort here. I am getting quite strong, but my mind ——— I am far from happy, in the midst of outward comforts. No one knows what a heavy heart I carry; all my energy and ambition are gone and I feel sometimes as if I can't keep up under the weight that is on my spirits. The sacrifice I had to make was too hard. I was so full of anxiety and so miserable that I did not fully realize what I was doing. The longing to have her again increases every day, and it is wearing my life out. It is hard to think that I have put what was so near and dear to me out of my reach for ever. I hope the kind Providence that provided a home for her will always bless her. I hope her foster parents will learn to love her; it makes me feel so bad to think that perhaps they will never care for her. It would be such a comfort if I could even hear from her, but I can't have even that privilege. Did you ever get the note we watched so anxiously for? If so, please let me know what it contained. I suppose you have the house in good order by this time. I hope you are taking a rest and enjoying the comforts of a *clean* house. I often think of you. All the most trying part of my life was spent there, and I am not likely to forget the old "Home." I trust that I shall never forget your kindness to an unfortunate stranger.